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✓ CYCLING

A Mirror of Toronto Bicycle Club Events and Devoted to the Interests of Cyclists in General.

Vol. 1.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1890.

No. 1.

Alexander Fraser Webster.

[Written for CYCLING by Vice-President W. H. Cox.]

Who more greatly esteemed by the wheelmen of Canada generally, or more beloved by the members of the T.B.C. than is the bearer of this name? As a man and a wheelman he stands prominent, with a nature at once kind and fearless, with a vast store of energy, enthusiasm and disposition becomingly retiring, the worthy President of our Club, of whom we are truly proud.

Nearly nine years have now passed since his name first appeared upon the Club's roll, and from that time his influence has been unmistakably felt in the management of all its affairs. The first year after joining he was persuaded by friends who recognized his worth to accept nomination for the office of Captain, then looked upon as the most enviable and desirable of all club offices, and there are many who can recall the stirring incidents of that contest, when the renowned "Perry," now Dr. Doolittle, was the candidate opposing Mr. Webster, how the friends of each worked strenuously to elect their standard-bearer,

and how the members turned out on election night almost to a man, crowding nearly to suffocation the cosy little rooms in Adelaide street, the hilarity and enthusiasm that prevailed when the election of Mr. Webster was announced and "Perry" so gracefully acknowledged defeat and promised to second to the best of his ability the Captain's efforts in the office of first Lieutenant, to which he

was chosen. As Captain for that and succeeding years, and later as President, Mr. Webster accomplished more than could have been expected of any one man, giving freely time that rightly belonged elsewhere and being ever ready in all emergencies to make almost any sacrifice for the interests of the Club. To what extent the present grand position of our Club is owing to the



A. F. WEBSTER,
President, Toronto Bicycle Club.

untiring zeal of Mr. Webster will never be fully known; his loyalty to the Club, to the C.W.A. and to his own high principles have won for him a name that will forever live throughout the history of the Club.

As a rider his success has been hardly less than as an executive officer; we need not recount his many creditable achievements on the road and, even path. We all know

that he, accompanied by the old warrior, Lavender, first accomplished the tremendous feat of riding to Kingston within one day. Many of us have borne him company on a "scorch" and can bear testimony to his remarkable ability in that direction. He has ever been active in encouraging touring, and if we are not mistaken, organized the first touring party in the experience of the club, viz., in September of 1885, when about fifteen members participated in a trip as far as Ottawa to attend their first race meet, where Ryrie and Joe Anderson carried all before them, the whole party returning to Toronto by wheel and enjoying the then novel experience immensely. Two years later, with Chandler and Ryrie of our club and two members of the Montreal club, the subject of our sketch visited England and the Continent, making one of the longest and most interesting tours ever indulged in by a Canadian cyclist. His interest in our welfare remains as great as ever. Long may it. Would that there were many more wheelmen like A. F. Webster, and that they were all members of our T.B.C.

A Buffalo Blizzard.

THE following anecdote reaches us from Buffalo and we can vouch for its authenticity. A few weeks ago, Mr. Pease, who represents Messrs. Fane & Co., was meditating in his handsomely appointed and luxuriously furnished private office, which overlooks the Genesee House, in Buffalo, soliloquizing on the many good points of the Comet cycle, and working on an idea which would give him the "scoop" over all the other bicycle hustlers in the advertising way, at the then approaching meet. Just as the hazy mists of thought were assuming a tangible shape, an electric indicator announced the entrance of a possible customer; leaving a portion of his thoughts to be developed by his amanuensis, Mr. Pease with the remainder repaired to the show-room. There his gaze fell upon a young man, who was critically examining the mechanism of a Comet Safety, and attentively watching the evolutions of the pedal which his right hand caressed with that *blasé* deftness consequent of long acquaintance with the seductive Safety. Giving Mr. Pease sufficient opportunity to mentally figure up the profit on a \$150 wheel, the stranger broke the silence (in the first instance) and the following conversation took place between Mr. Pease and his visitor:—

"This seems a pretty good machine."

"Yes, sir; we contend it is."

"Well, I am very particular, and want, and must have, a first-class wheel."

"Then you have just struck the right establishment."

"This bicycle has ball bearings to all parts, I suppose?" (Again giving the pedal a spin.)

"Yes; ball bearings all over, with the exception of the head, which we consider, for general purposes, better without ball bearings."

"Well, perhaps the head is just as well without; in fact, I think so myself."

Here Manager Pease left his victim for an instant, returning with a part of a wheel exposing to view their patent bearing over which Messrs. Fane & Co. are justly proud. The points of advantage were dwelt upon, and, after apparently taking everything in with manifest interest and a spirit born of familiarity with the subject, he remarked, pointing to the bearing: "*What are all those little balls in there for?*"

! ——— ! ——— !

We are glad to be able to state that Mr. Pease is convalescent—in fact, will soon have recovered his accustomed elasticity of step and speech. But while engaged in the pleasant pastime of selling bicycles, the thought no doubt often occurs to him: Will this customer enquire as to the antecedents or nationality of the famous "Mr. Ball," who, you know, invented the celebrated bearings of that name.

[As we are not paid \$2 a line for above article, we have had to omit Mr. Pease's glowing and verbose description of the bicycle he was offering this particular person. This deficiency will be supplied upon application to Mr. Pease. But take our advice and don't ask him why a ball bearing bears that appellation.—Ed.]

WE are indeed pleased to see Mr. Will Shaw, of the Wanderers, once more in our midst. Typhoid fever is a difficult foe to conquer, but Mr. Shaw looks little the worse for his few weeks of enforced idleness.

THE Illinois Cycling Club, of Chicago, held their first At Home and Reception of the season on the 31st ult.; if their invitation card can be taken as an augury of their excellence as hosts, the friends of this, one of the largest clubs in the United States, must have had a right royal time on the occasion.

MR. C. B. GIBSON, of the Illinois Cycling Club, has evidently not forgotten the friends he made while in Toronto at the time of the ever memorable Hamilton Carnival Meet, when it will be remembered he was one of the gentlemen who rode the "Tandem Safety" on that festive occasion.

Cycling

A MIRROR OF TORONTO BICYCLE CLUB EVENTS
AND DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
CYCLISTS IN GENERAL

F. F. PEARD, - - - EDITOR

Publishers:

WM. H. MILN CHRIS. B. ROBINSON

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With this issue a great many sample copies are sent out. We ask our friends to examine the contents of the paper, after which we want their subscriptions, and also solicit their aid in extending the influence of the paper and to build up its circulation.

The Present—The Future.

IN presenting the initial number of CYCLING to the wheeling fraternity, we do so, not with the apology that the paper is started on its journey with the laudable idea of supplying the proverbial "long felt want," as there are numerous first-class journals already furthering the interests of this most healthful and enjoyable of pastimes on this side of the water, and in this country too, but our idea and intention is simply to make the paper of interest to cyclists, on its own merits as a wheelman's journal, and because of its general readability. We purpose making the articles bright, clean, and, we hope, instructive, encroaching on no ground already occupied by Canadian publications of a similar character. Should such inadvertently occur, healthful competition is conceded to be good, and there is sufficient room for us all. No promises are made as to what we intend to accomplish; time will show this, and in our humble opinion it is much better to achieve what we have not promised the world we are going to do, than in an opening number, with a spirit of hopefulness, anticipate a great deal, which may,

through a combination of circumstances, fall short of the ideal at first presented. However, do not misunderstand us, and think by the expression of these sentiments we are not ambitious.

Our connection with the Toronto Bicycle Club will not in any sense prejudice our criticism of passing events. We make this statement, and are prepared to stand by it. Our endeavor shall always be to view matters that are of interest to wheelmen and which appear in these columns from a non-partizan standpoint.

Then, again, we would like every cyclist to feel that this is their paper, that it is a medium through which their ideas may be introduced. We invite correspondence from every wheelman who has anything of interest to communicate relative to the advancement of wheeling and the welfare of the cycling fraternity.

Allow us to add that we do not consider we have attained perfection in what we may call the art of editing a journal, nor do we expect our critics to disagree with us in this little matter. However, for the present, extend to us some indulgence, and we do not think the possibilities of truth are exceeded in saying that an improvement will be noticed as time wears on.

A Summer Memory.

THE two Bicycle clubs of Toronto, the Wanderers and Torontos, were waited upon by the Committee having in charge Toronto's Summer Carnival, and asked to participate in the grand street parade which was to occupy one of the evenings of the "Four Days of Solid Enjoyment." Each organization was promised a handsome silver cup as a souvenir of the occasion. The parade, such as it was, took place, and the Bicycle Clubs constituted the greater part of the procession, but the silver trophies still remain in the fertile minds of the progenitors, and the boys of the blue and the grey have so far only the memory of an obligation faithfully and satisfactorily performed when their minds revert to their share of the Stupendous Summer Snap of 1890.

A Just Decision.

ALTHOUGH the subject has been pretty thoroughly discussed in all its points, we cannot allow the case which came before Judge McDougall recently, dealing with cyclists' rights, to escape notice in our first number. Almost all our readers know that Mr. English, a well-known member of the Toronto Bicycle Club, while riding up one of the principal streets of the city one day during the past summer, was overtaken and run down by an express waggon driven by a poor unfortunate who evidently considered bicycles entirely beneath his notice. That he knows better now can be taken for granted after the award of \$100 and costs has been paid which Judge McDougall gave to the plaintiff. We are truly sorry for McCuaig, the driver, as there is but little doubt that he could ill afford to pay the damages assessed, but the result should, and will, no doubt, have a wholesome effect upon the reckless and furious driving which is an undesirable feature of our better paved streets during the summer months. This case is in a less degree analogous to one recently concluded at Bristol, England, where a young man—William Askham by name—was indicted for manslaughter, as a consequence of his having, while riding his bicycle, collided with a pedestrian named Davis, resulting in the death of the latter. After all the evidence was adduced and the judge's charge made to the jury, which impartially but clearly reviewed the several points, a verdict of "not guilty" was returned. We are quite willing to admit that this was a most deplorable accident, and that wheelmen cannot exercise too much caution in relation to their rate of speed when riding in crowded centres, but we certainly take exception to the remarks contained in an editorial which appeared in a recent issue of a city evening journal under the caption "A Terror on Wheels," wherein the writer takes occasion to vent his spleen on cyclists generally. When referring to the decision of the judge in English vs. McCuaig he remarks that "A bicyclist's appearance as a victim rather than author of a collision was an innovation." "The gentleman was unfortunately overtaken by the retribution that ought to wait for the dashing wheelmen who make the crossings of asphalt-paved streets a terror to old men and ladies of all ages."

Bicyclists are by no means the demons and unrelentless destroyers of "life and limb" the article we refer to would convey to the mind of the uninitiated, but the writer is with-

in the bounds of good common sense when he agitates that every cyclist riding at night should carry both lamp and bell. This regulation should be a law here as it is in Great Britain, where it is enforced to the letter. We are well aware of the inconvenience sometimes experienced in having a cumbersome lamp which is always getting out of order and a bell that persists in rattling, attached to the wheel, but we owe this concession to the public. If a little more care and consideration in this line were exercised by wheelmen, we cyclists would not be looked upon by a certain portion of the community as a necessary evil.

The Wanderers' First.

THE Wanderers Bicycle Club held their first "Smoker" of the winter season on the 13th inst. Since their friends last had the privilege of visiting the club-rooms at a re-union of this kind, the reception and billiard-room, gymnasium, etc., have undergone complete renovation, and the transformation has resulted in giving the boys of the grey uniform a club-home, which is a model of solid comfort combined with exquisite taste and beauty.

The programme presented on this occasion was an exceptionally brilliant one, comprising such talent as the inimitable Bert Clarke, Steward, Mundie, Taylor, Carlisle, etc. During the intervals between the lengthened bursts of applause which greeted the efforts of these gentlemen, refreshments were served in a manner which well upheld and more indelibly confirmed the idea that the Wanderers are a whole-souled, good-hearted and thoroughly genial lot of fellows. A warm welcome is always assured for any visitor to the club-rooms of the Wanderers Bicycle Club of Toronto.

MR. HARRY P. DAVIES, the mention of whose name brings to our mind the good old days when he held the foremost position in Canada's cycling records, and who is now the Canadian representative of the justly celebrated "Rudge" Cycle Co., has, like a sensible fellow, forsaken the forlorn state of bachelorhood and joined the ranks of the benedicts. We have not the space to say all the good things we might about our esteemed friend Davies, but we know we echo the sentiments of all our readers when we wish for him and his estimable wife every joy and happiness this world can afford.

Toronto Bicycle Club.

A Moment With the Boys.

ORGANIZED



1881.

Club House—Cor. Church and Alexander Sts.

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Vice-President	W. H. COX.
Secretary	C. J. W. LOWES.
Treasurer	ALF. BRYANT.

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Captain	W. H. CHANDLER.
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1st " Safeties	F. B. ROBINS.
2nd " Ordinaries	JAS. MILN.
2nd " Safeties	F. J. BRYERS.

HARRY ENGLISH - Club Reporter.

Matter appearing in this column is furnished and paid for by the Toronto Bicycle Club, consequently the proprietors of this journal do not hold themselves responsible for anything contained therein.

CLUB NOTICES.

On Monday evening next, 1st prox., at 8 o'clock, in the Club House, 494 Church Street, the regular monthly meeting of the Club will be held. You are particularly desired to attend.

The Committee appointed to work up the Club Incorporation Scheme, have same in good shape, and Mr. Lawson will be able to place everything in tangible form before you at this meeting.

The Club House Renting Committee are still in the woods. They will be grateful if you can help them out.

The following notice of motion has been given: "That the Constitution and By-laws be amended in regard to fees, the same to be raised to such amounts as will insure full running expenses of our increased (or to be increased) accommodation.

C. J. W. LOWES,
Hon. Secy.

The Members of the Toronto Bicycle Club are reminded that the Glee Club has resumed weekly practice for the season 1890-91, also that an Orchestra has been organized, both under the direction of Mr R. J. Hall, a well-known musician.

Mr. Hall will be pleased to meet members desirous of joining either of these branches any Saturday evening, at 7.30 p.m.

W. GEO. McCLELLAND,
Secretary.

RUMOR has it that Nasmith is going to emulate Van Wagoner's example and ride an "Eagle" next year, but whether a "Rational," "Eagle," or "Safety" has the privilege of carrying "Dave" we expect to see him head the list of Canadian road champions for the season of 1891.

OUR old friend Lingham is resuming his usual form after the rather severe illness he has recently gone through. The roads in and around Belleville, with one exception, are not particularly attractive for riding, but "Billy," if he sticks to Canada next year, will show up well, both on the road and track.

C. W. HURNDALL, our statistical secretary and one of the "noble ten," is busy agitating the formation of a Drill Corps among the more expert riders. Hurndall is a good all-round athlete, and if the boys will only put in a winter of solid practice, this will be an important and much appreciated branch of our club exhibition work next season.

OUR friends, the members of the T. B. C. Glee Club, are doing noble work under the careful and able direction of Mr. R. J. Hall, organist of Immanuel Baptist Church. With such a leader, and the first-class chorus material which is in the Club, we expect great things from our sweet singers this winter.

MR. HALL has also formed an orchestra in connection with the Glee Club, which already shows evidence of progression in the right direction. This is an undertaking which requires constant and persistent work; so stick to it boys and your reward will follow.

As a result of the recent championship road races the "Rational" build of machine has become the craze in this city, and a great many instances could be cited where the good old-fashioned "Safety" has been relegated to the wood-shed, or some other convenient place of storage, to make way for the high wheel usurper; but is this to be taken as indicative of the demise of the rear-driving wheel? We think not.

ALTHOUGH many weary months of snow, sleet and slush have to be endured before the balmy zephyrs and penetrating sunshine of gentle spring put the Kingston Road in sufficiently good condition for a "Comet Rational" and a "Rudge" ditto, with the addition of a cushion tyre to the back wheel, to be able to climb the Rouge. Still the old time rivals, McClelland and "Jimmy" Miln, are hard at work keeping their respective muscles

in the best of condition. "Mac," since the day of THE Road Race, wears an air of confidence which is calculated to depress the spirits of the Torontos' gallant lieutenant, but the watchword of the House of Miln is "Work and Wait." So daily "schorches" on the asphalt, when weather permits, and a good long walk in the country, taken at a brisk pace—say to Mimico or Hamilton—at regular intervals, is the programme of both factions for the winter.

WE would like to remind the T. B. C. Club House Committee, in case they have forgotten the fact, that they are doing absolutely nothing. This is to the point, gentlemen, but nevertheless true. Individual effort has been put forward in a few cases, but unless concerted action is taken, and that very soon, the inaugurative run of 1891 will find us in our present limited and decidedly inadequate quarters.

T. B. C., Last Run of the Season.

THE last official run of the season took place on Thanksgiving Day, when some twenty-five members turned out at 9 a.m. for a run to Highland Creek. At Victoria Park it was found necessary to take to the fields, the roads being impassable. However, nineteen of the party reached the Creek in good time, and after dinner spent a pleasant hour in the neighborhood. The start for home was made at 2.15, arriving in city about 5 p.m. The slow time made was no doubt due to the fact that the boys had several friends to whom they felt it their duty to bid farewell, to say nothing of their apple orchards. C. W. H.

Buffalo Letter.

DEAR EDITOR,—When I accepted the position of Buffalo correspondent for CYCLING, I tried to forget the date of the first issue, so that I would have some excuse for not writing anything for that copy, and thus get some idea of what was expected of me, for, as many of your readers are aware, my only efforts in this direction have been devoted to the *Canadian Wheelman*, a paper which, of course, must be of much less importance than CYCLING, and all correspondence will necessarily have to be of a much higher order, and you all know that I was not intended for anything very "high" in this world.

But I am very much pleased that the T. B. C. have decided to have a mouth-piece through which they can air their ideas, for I well remember when the only mouth-piece they had formerly was the one attached to

Mac's bugle; but I am glad to know that Mac has found a more substantial way of letting the bicycle people of America know that he belongs to the T. B. C., and, in fact, the T. B. C., I know, are pleased to realize that Mac can ride a wheel as well, if not better, than he can blow a bugle, and, boys; you all know how Mac can blow.

That great road race has been pretty well talked about in this city, and most of the American papers have taken notice of it; and at present a large notice in Red, Green and Blue letters proclaims to a gaping crowd, who congregate in front of my window, that the Torontos and Wanderers have had a great race, and that fifteen out of the twenty wheels ridden were "Comets," and nine out of the first ten were "Comets," etc., etc. Boys, you all know the rest.

Bicycling in this city, and of course everywhere else for that matter, is about over for the year, although, thanks to our beautifully-paved streets, we expect a little more wheeling yet this fall; but our wet weather set in so early and has staid with such persistent constancy that it gave business a check rather sooner than we expected. But we have got our wheels well and favorably introduced, and are receiving daily assurances of a good trade next season, so that I hope ere long to find the "Comet" taking quite as prominent a place in the races on this side of the line as it now does on that.

Well, Mr. Editor, I have scribbled away without thinking very much of how this will read. So when you peruse it, if you do not think it worth putting in, throw it in the waste-basket (for I hope you have not fitted up your editorial sanctum without that most necessary article); or, if you think it savors too much of an advertising nature, put it in your advertising column and charge it at current rates to the "Toronto Comet Cycle Works;" you will find their address on one side or the other of Adelaide St.; just at present it is difficult to say on which side they are on.

Wishing CYCLING the success it deserves, and hoping I may get up something better for you next time, I am, CLUBUS LIARUS.

Our Advertisers.

WE have to thank our friends for the liberal support accorded us in the advertising line. There are so many avenues open through which the advertiser may place his money to advantage, that natural hesitation is met with when a new scheme is projected; however we feel sure none of our advertisers will regret their venture with us, and we bespeak for them the patronage they deserve.

The Road Race at Hamilton.

[From our Hamilton Correspondent.]

THANKSGIVING DAY was looked forward to by the members of the Hamilton Bicycle Club as the occasion on which they were to show to the world, and Toronto, their wonderful prowess as riders of the rough and uneven macadam. Unfortunately for their plans the sky would persist in adding its quota to the general state of atmospheric dampness which has prevailed the city on the hillside, since Toronto would have its own summer carnival. In consequence the roads were in poor condition for riding. So much so that when the crack of the pistol was heard only the form of the redoubtable F. H. Skerritt was observed to emerge from the crowd at the starting point. It was evident from the look of determination which ever and anon dwelt on the features of Mr. Skerritt that he intended to win the race and for a record, too, we are glad to be able to state that Mr. Skerritt was not disappointed—he did win the race, and but for a few trifling stops for the purpose of going up town to borrow a gun with which to shoot some animal that had tarried on its way to its winter home in the mountain and looked at the strange object on the road, and also sufficient time for dinner—the race was finished in good style. We regret not being able to give the time, as unfortunately the timekeeper forsook his post at dusk, an action which we think merits some censure from the directorate of the H.B.C.

Ottawa Letter.

DEAR EDITOR,—It is with great pleasure and not perhaps altogether without pride that I contribute my mite toward the success of your paper. The success of a pre-eminently noble sport, such as I believe cycling to be, depends upon the purity of motive, the refined taste and the class of individuals that it can call to its support. It is also true that success depends upon the number and standing of the journals which are its advocates. In wheeling nothing can have such potency, either for good or for evil, as the tone of its literature. Knowing, therefore, those upon whose efforts the welfare of CYCLING depends, I can safely recommend it in advance as a benefit to wheelmen and bespeak for it a hearty reception and a generous support.

Here in Ottawa we are too few in number, although not wanting in quality, to publish a paper of our own, therefore we must avail ourselves of those of our confreres. In ex-

change for this support we perpetrate from time to time in these, the journals of our friends, articles in which the "doings" and "thinkings" of the O.B.C. cannot but take a prominent part. Of course those of our western friends who conscientiously believe that the sun never rises in Ottawa are justified in skipping the aforesaid articles. Their ignorance can be attributed only to their failure to visit us on July 1st, 1890.

The O. B. C. still enjoys its accustomed vigor, and would have had many runs during the past two months had not the weather interfered. Not long ago we finished a run at the Captain's residence, where he and his charming better half (and that's saying a good deal) made us wish that evenings in Ottawa were twenty-four hours long. Next time we will come and stay a week. We were to have had a run on Thanksgiving Day. Some said Peche, some said Aylmer, some Richmond, some nothing. After wasting about six hundred (600) cubic feet of oral music, we decided on Aylmer. Thanksgiving Day was as muddy as Egypt, consequently all that wind was a dead loss. One of our prominent members is totally engrossed in his efforts to nurse into life a moustache that has one foot in the grave, at least there is only an eight of an inch above ground.

Josiah Spilkins is having a new fence—hold on, I am not writing country items for a city paper with a rural circulation; the next thing will be a notice re farmer Jones' cow. It is easy to see that at present there is very little going on in the O.B.C., except expenses, which are immortal.

By the way, Mr. Editor, your heading is a very neat thing, and reflects in a measure the progress of the times, for woman is given the front rank and on a bicycle. The only sarcastic touch in that heading is that you have placed "a mirror" in front of her. If she and her companions keep on they will eventually cross "Jordan," but she should be happy having a man in her wake.

Wishing you, Mr. Editor, and your associates every success, I remain, sincerely yours,

ARTO.

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